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Universal Fabulousness and the One Hundred Thousand Plateaus of Obscurity

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AS2200 BEAT CRITIQUE

N U M B E R F I V E

UNIVERSAL FABULOUSNESS AND THE ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND PLATEAUS OF OBSCURITY

SAY YO! and welcome to the Warholian Future Dudes!

READY OR NOT, HERE IT IS!

But there's just one hitch in **andy's whirled** which I feel a need to draw your attention to. And that is the fact that there just ain't time for everybody to be famous; not for fifteen minutes, not even for fifteen seconds. (Although for some reason this temporal limitation seems to escape the throngs of post-modernist reptiles waiting to bask in the warm glow of celebrities sunlit rock)

In the meantime, I've noticed that an even greater number of people have discovered that Andy's vision can become viable with one simple adjustment.

Exchanging the laughable objectivity of **FAME** for the subjective ink of **FABULOUSNESS** we can drop the time constraints entirely! Then lay back, luxuriate and generally groove with the notion that fame may be limited but fabulousness goes on forever!

Not only that but fabulousness needs nothing more than a party, a new haircut or a forkfull of fettucine to be fully consummated.

Where-as fame requires a bone crunching mechanism capable of grinding our thinking meat into goose liver pate- a social machine which must be driven by an adoring throng, a chorus of critical accolades or at least one unit of popular demand in order to become, itself, fully fleshed.

You can never be too thin or too rich in the realm of the fabulous.

But fame has claimed a legion of anorexic moneybags which it regularly chews up and spits out. LIVE and in color!

Put simply- Fabulousness is a kind of no risk notoriety.

And the reason for this is that **YOU DECIDE** if your experience is fabulous or not. Because, you see, Fabulousness requires no external validation or approval. Fabulousness needs no opinion polls or golden statuettes. (regardless of how much it may love them) Fabulousness, in case you haven't noticed, is a state of mind.

And here, now, in the Warholian future, just about everybody who

fancies themselves anybody has caught this attitudinal virus and made it their own..Acting out its pathological geometry with their every thought, word and terribly moderne consumer decision.

Hmmm... "Should I wear long pants or shorts?" Is this 100% natural? Really imported? Truly select? Very exclusive? Sufficiently refined? Pure and uncut? Completely ineffable? Utterly moist? Does it impart that singular state of inner grooviness that can only be expressed by intoning the name of our most modern and avant God???

all hail the mighty
"FOB-U-LOUS!"

Now then...It seems obvious to me that if fabulousness is so universally accessible and potentially ubiquitous then the only thing that distinguishes one of its manifestations from another is the degree to which it is apparant to

DA WOILD AT LODGE

Shortly after I was first visited by the vision of universal fabulousness, I had a correlative epiphany which described the spectrum of fabulousness from from the most private and subjective to the most brutally public.

Picture this: a spiraling hierarchy of 100,000 subtle increments of success; Mutually exclusive sets all arranged in a four dimensional mobius loop of cultural contexts, influence spheres and demographic targets. A structure as complicated as the very architecture of our dreams. Along the course of these exquisitely turned helixes, spiraling from the sacred to the profane I could see the plateaus of relative obscurity; on which rested the four billion aspirants to that state of bliss which andy predicted, long before he checked his bags through to the air terminal of eternity.

If memory serves it was when I first confronted the plethora of Post-punk bands that I had my first glimpse of the myriad plateaus of obscurity. Suddenly, it seemed that everyone was abusing a guitar and singing badly.

And soon the pantheon of Pop was invaded by twelve million poseurs complete with pink pompadours calling themselves "Slash" and "Burn", "Rotten" and "Robo", "Jello", "Lux", "Edge", "Sledge" & "Sting". And their bands took names which seemed to push the limits of our language beyond the accepted range of free association into a realm of quasi-psychotic semantic juxtapositioning.

In clubland, the stages were stormed night after night by an endless wave of new "talent" and soon it seemed that there would be nobody left to make up the audience. And, of course this was frequently the case.

Indeed, this is the point where I began to chart the plateaus of obscurity.

Starting at the bottom, with "acts" who barely know their own names, I began to work upward to those who might, say, arouse the interest of their friends, then proceeding on to those who had perhaps a fan or two ((to whom they were unrelated) Then came those musical aggregates who could claim a "following" and then perhaps those who had recorded cassettes in their basements. After that we might list bands that had been paid to perform once, followed by those who perform for fees ranging from 12 to 13 dollars. Then maybe bands who remained together long enough for someone outside the group to recognize their sound, style or even just their name.

(I hope your getting the gist of this. If not, you should probably drop into

AS220 on a friday night for the **SOUND HAPPENINGS** show, which features musical assemblages which run the gamut from obscure to invisible)

Anyway, it weren't too long before my poor little head was really reeling from the effort involved with cataloging all the aspiring auteurs out-there. Complicating this effort even further was the knowledge that the plateaus of obscurity were occupied by more than pink haired punks.

Every area of endeavour has sent representatives to claw their way from one level to the next Visual artists, jewelers, advertising copy writers, breeders of tropical fish, psychiatrists, belly dancers and hair dressers; all aspiring to move up from their dim level of obscurity to some evermore exalted or prominent position among the throngs who, through delusion or prodigious self-esteem, have discovered in themselves the germ of fabulousness and who would seek ever after to make their state of grace more apparant with each passing moment.

PETER JOHN BOYLE
Easter Sunday 1989